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Ally Sloper's Half Holiday

BEING A SELECTION, SIDE-SPLITTING, SENTIMENTAL, AND SERIOUS, FOR THE BENEFIT OF OLD BOYS, YOUNG BOYS, ODD BOYS GENERALLY, AND EVEN GIRLS.

Vol. IV.—No. 148.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1887. [ONE PENNY.

CHRISTENING OF JUBILEE SLOPER.

"With his well-known fondness for little children, Albert Edward stood Sponsor for Jubilee, who was Christened the other day by the Family Chaplain. On account of Jubilee's inherited dislike for Water, the Chaplain performed his functions in a somewhat flighty manner. Poor Pa got a good sprinkling, and Ma could scarcely hold the Muscular Child. During our inspection of the Silver Mug, given by The Prince, those dreadful Boys behaved outrageously."—TOOTSIE.

SOME STUDIES OF HUMAN NATURE.

No. 5.—*The Prevalence of Hysteria in Women; or, the Effects of Disappointed Love.*

1. She had listened to the gentle woolings of a handsome, but brainless and heartless lover. He jilted her. She became hysterical, and behaved strangely.

2. She became worse, and addressed a Strand audience, who listened with strained ears and gaping mouths. Mobs are not backward in such cases.

3. When arrested, she became violent and let fly. And the contemptible cause of her unhappiness was basking in another's glances.

WAS HE THE MURDERER?

ONE April morning, early, the gravedigger and porter of the Cemetery of Saint Aubin, Toulouse, discovered the dead body of a young girl, called Cécile Courbettes, in a crouching attitude upon the ground in a corner of the graveyard.

The doctor summoned found that she had been most brutally treated. Her face was swollen and bruised; her eyelids were swollen; the skin was torn; the lobes of her ears were torn also; her hands were bruised and lacerated, and there were wounds caused by several frightful blows upon her head.

She was a bookbinder's apprentice, not quite fifteen years of age. Her master, whose name was Conte, the evening before the discovery of the corpse, accompanied by Cécile and an old woman servant, carrying two baskets full of newly-bound books, went to a monastery adjoining the cemetery. Arrived here, Conte dismissed the old woman, and telling Cécile to wait in the lodge to carry back the empty baskets, entered the building himself to receive the amount of his bill. On his return the girl had disappeared, but the porter had not noticed her go out, and an umbrella she had carried she had left behind. The bookbinder returned home, expecting, he said, to find her there, but she had not appeared, and through the night nothing was heard of her.

Suspicion first fell upon the bookbinder. He had insisted upon Cécile's accompanying the old woman, although the

books could easily have been carried in one basket only. Within a few hours of the girl's disappearance he started on a journey to pay a loan, which payment, however, was not due for another week, and on his return some days later, before he was accused, he exclaimed, "Anyhow, *I* am innocent!" He was arrested, but not till two days afterwards did he make any statement implicating others; and then he said that he had seen one of the priests, of the name of Léotade, in the lobby of the monastery making signs to the girl. The old woman was arrested also, but she denied that Léotade was there at the time.

Popular prejudice existing against the priests seems to have been shared by the authorities. According to the prosecution, Cécile had been induced by Léotade to follow him into the monastery immediately after Conte disappeared with the books. It was a Thursday, a day on which the other priests were not permitted to leave their class-rooms until eleven at night, but he, as house steward, had the run of the premises. He then, it was suggested, led the girl up into a loft over a stable, where he brutally murdered her, and concealed the corpse until night closed in, when he carried it to the wall, and deposited it in the cemetery. The cemetery was a desolate, lonely place, surrounded by high walls, but there was a gate leading into it from the street, the lock on which—it was notorious in Toulouse—was very frequently picked by trespassers; so that if the body had not come from the monastery, it might have been conveyed to the spot where it was found—through the gate.

Léotade stoutly maintained his innocence, gave Conte the lie, and swore that he was not in the lobby as described, and that he had never in his life, to his knowledge, seen the girl. His counsel pointed out the improbability of his being able to carry the body from the loft, and, with the aid of a ladder and rope, lift it over the wall (for its appearance proved that it had not been flung down) without being observed; but the public opinion was that the priests were all banded together, and willing to swear to anything. It was suggested, at the time of the murder, that after so desperate a struggle, as the appearance of the corpse shewed must have taken place, the murderer must bear some marks of violence, and all the priests, from the aged superior to the youngest, voluntarily submitted to an examination, but without any marks being found.

"He lies," cried the prisoner, when Conte had given his evidence. "My whole life contradicts the possibility of my being guilty of what he lays to my charge. My prison has not changed my faith. I pray to God unceasingly. I am not fearful of the future, and if you condemn me I shall die as cheerfully as missionaries or martyrs die in distant lands."

By a majority of nine Léotade was found guilty, and condemned to the galleys for life. For two years, in the most exemplary manner, he endured the horrible existence allotted him, and when he died many of his companions in misery wept. Was he innocent? Who shall say? Before his trial came on, he had languished a whole year in prison, and was not permitted to communicate with his counsel, nor was he even at the trial itself. The trial reads like a farce. He was already condemned before the first word was spoken.

* * * * * * *

"Pore girl!" said Alexandry, the young and beautiful boy, as he wiped away the briny tear of sympathy, slowly trickling down the peach-like cheek, "pore girl! such a sad fate might have befallen my own sister Jemima, otherwise called Tootsie, for short, had she been apprenticed to the perilous trade of book-binding instead of going on for a line part and giggle at the Frivolity Theatre."

"You have a feeling heart, Alexandry," murmured Billiam the Blood-Stained; "you are a liar, and a thief, and a coward, and a sneak, but you have a feeling heart. I'll always say so."

(Next week, Palmer the Poisoner.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** Owing to the demand on our space, we cannot guarantee to answer Correspondents immediately on the receipt of their Queries—particularly the queerest; but all questions put to the Editor, or to any member of "THE FAMILY," will be answered in due course.

A. C. (Silver Street, Kensington).—*Yes, the* "HALF-HOLIDAY" *is, we believe, greatly enjoyed by the Fiji's.*——ST. JOHN (Southend).—*If you call here we will give you a bust. Mind you don't "bust" with joy.*——"ONE WHO IS NOT INQUISITIVE," &c. (Camberwell).—ALLY *has been so hard-up that he was obliged to take the bottle back and get the twopence he left on it. What a state for a Genius to be in!*——TOWZER ("Bar Hotel," Scarborough).—*Our McNab is alive and kicking, we are thankful to say.*——"CHEESEY."—*The Eminent never promised you any drinks; nevertheless, you are welcome to the contents of his back-yard pump.*——CARRIE.—*Your story is an extraordinary one, and if it be true you should at once lay the facts of the case before a magistrate.*——HER ADMIRER (Clapton Park).—*Tootsie sends her love for the chain and locket you have sent her containing portraits of Poor Pa and Ma. The locket seems so valuable that she thought it wise to* lock it *up among "The Relics."*——JOY ERNE (Finchley)—ALLY *is sorry he cannot insert his dear Joy's verses on account of want of space. If he could but meet you, how joyous he would be!*——J. A. DIGGLE (Bolton).—*Your water-colour drawing never came to hand.*——C. MILL (Winchester).—ALLY *would like you to "tempt him with a glass of bitter," for though "unsweetened" is his "particular vanity," he is too liberal-minded a man to turn up his nose, or shut his mouth at the sight of any liquor.*

Rates of Subscription for "Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday."

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CELEBRATE THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

As there is some talk in High Circles of A. SLOPER, Esq., M.P., T.W.M., T.O.E., F.O.M., *being elevated to the Peerage,*

Please address all Competitions to the

"MOST NOBLE A. SLOPER, K.G.,"
THE "LORDERIES,"
99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

*** *The Competition will close this day,* SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26TH, 1887.

JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

"WHAT a rich red colour Mr. McGooseley's nose is!" remarked the cashier the other day, as that distinguished individual quitted the office after an ineffectual effort to get half-a-sovereign in advance. "Yes, it is," agreed the publisher; "but, you see, it has been ripened under glass."

* * *

Elderly Spinster (to rival medical man). How is it that Doctor Oxymel is such a favourite with the ladies? They all say that he is quite a duck of a doctor.

Doctor. I don't know, I am sure, madam, unless it is because he is a *quack.*

FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.
No. 148.—The "Maid Marion" Costume.

WANTED.—A SMART DETECTIVE.

"Ye skulking scoundrel, when I send ye out on your beat, it's a fine thing for me to find ye stuck in that pub., and murderers doing dark deeds and getting clear away, ye villain!"

HIS BEST SUNDAY CLOTHES.

I'm stony broke, I've ne'er a groat,
I suffer with a thirsty throat:
I'll put 'em up the spout.
My Sunday clothes! alas, my woes,
Run from my toes up to my nose;
I ne'er shall get 'em out!

PROPOSED NEW CABMEN'S SHELTER.

Where John will be able to have a pipe o' baccy, carrots, a good rump steak, and a jug of foaming brown beer for a tanner.

WASHING DAY.

"The time when dirty linen undergoes the process of cleaning by the aid of hot water, soapsuds, and elbow grease."—*Aunt Boffin's New Dictionary.*

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

O, say, pretty miss,
Wilt give me a kiss?
Then she
So prettily blew,
To him one or two,
So—see?

—*Rhyme by Billy's brother.*

"RANK is but the guinea stamp," as Burns wrote, and "Titles are but empty honours," as ALLY observed when the peerage he applied for was respectfully refused. For instance, any one can become a Knight Commander of the Bath, by ordering his footpan to be got ready after supper.

* * *

SCENE.—*Back Kitchen Door.*

Make-Believe Gipsy (inspecting servant's hand). Yes, my dear, you will be married within the twelvemonth. He will be fair, with red hair, and a cast in one eye, and——.

Servant. Oh, I say! Red hair, and a cast in his eye?

M.-B. G. Well, my dear, what can you expect for fourpence? Cross the poor gipsy's hand with silver, and——, etc., etc.

* * *

WHAT is the difference between a man who has a termagant wife named Elizabeth and one who has recovered from an influenza? In the one case, his scold's Bet, in the other, his cold's better.

* * *

HE touched her, and tried to caress her,
She struggled in vain to get free;
He murmured he'd no wish to press her,
Then drew her fair form on his knee.

Then he softly began to explain—
And his words each cut like a knife,—
Of a life full of love, free from pain,
And a dearer tie even than wife.

Poor girl! How her lips sadly quivered,
Let us not be too hasty to blame;
She knew it was wrong as she shivered,
She was poor; so the man won the game.

* * *

OUR assistant cashier returned from a fortnight's holiday on Monday, and he was full of a splendid ride he had enjoyed. "What, across country?" enquired one of the clerks, to whom he was expatiating. "A cross country," repeated the A. C., "I should think it was a cross country! Nothing but hedges, ditches, stone walls, wire fences, bullfinches, rivers, ploughed fields, and—and—and five-barred gates, and yet I came in at the death." Still we have our doubts.

* * *

Dramatic Author (to Critic who has dropped in to witness his first effort). Well, old man, how did you like it?

Critic. I enjoyed myself immensely.

Author. I'm very pleased to hear that. And what did you think——

Critic (continuing). Yes; for, to tell you the truth, I have been suffering cruelly from neuralgia, and have not had a wink of rest for three nights; but I fell asleep in the middle of the first act, and enjoyed a most refreshing snooze right through to the close.

* * *

"HA!" exclaimed the Eminent, as he was glancing over his morning paper, "I thought he would come to it at last, and see the error of his ways." "What is that, my dear?" inquired Mrs. Sloper. "Why the celebrated Dr. Richardson has been giving a lecture, and I see that the column is headed 'Dr. Richardson's Warning to Teetotalers.' It stands to reason that it must be injurious to drink so much cold water this frosty weather."

* * *

WE have heard a lot about the imprudence of the very poor, but this takes the cake:—

Relieving Officer (to newly-married couple). But what on earth could have induced you two to get married? You had no money laid by, and you were both out of work.

New-married Husband. Well, sir, the truth is that the missis had got a blanket and a counterpane, and I'd got a rug and an old great-coat, and we thought that by putting them together we should sleep warmer this cold weather.

* * *

"AWAKE, Love, awake! 'Tis a nice, sunny day.
All nature is courting and wooing,
And every cocksparrow has something to say,
Each pigeon is lovingly cooing."

"It is all very well," the fair maid replied,
"Thus to point to the birds and the rest;
But ere I consent to become your dear bride,
You must show me where you've built your nest."

* * *

THEY have a Volunteer Fire Brigade at Sloper's Island, and the other day, as a stranger was admiring the paraphernalia from a distance, the fireman on duty politely invited him to step in and look round. "No, thank you," replied the stranger, apparently a little mixed as to the other's profession; "if I went inside, you might run me in." "No fear of that," answered the fireman, "our business is to put out, not to run in."

* * *

Mr. Penhecker (mildly expostulating). My dear, I really cannot wear those darned socks any more! They hurt my——

Mrs. Penhecker (with virtuous indignation). I'm ashamed of you, Mr. Penhecker! There's no necessity to make use of bad language—and before the children, too!

* * *

"I SAY, dearie," exclaimed Mr. Lovedove, "why is the word *married* like your happiness?" "Don't know, darling," answered his wife, resting her head affectionately on his shoulder. "Because if *I* was taken away it would be *married.*" "Oh, you clever dear!" cried the little woman, and then they kissed, and then——They went shopping of course.—ED.

* * *

SCENE—*Breakfast Table.*

She (looking up from her paper). What a sad thing it is, dear, to see a clergyman in the divorce court.

He. Why?

She. Why, his sacred calling ought to protect him from anything of——

He. Oh, I don't know! In all ways of life you are sure to find some exceptions to the rule. Why, I have even heard of an honest lawyer!

* * *

WHY is a woman like an echo, and what is the difference between them?—They both always have the last word, but an echo never speaks unless it is spoken to first.

* * *

Pupil. MY worthy tutor, tell me, pray,
Why women dress in this strange way?
Inform me, if you'll be so kind,
Why they stick out so far behind?

Tutor. The reason, my dear boy, is this—
When a man is about to kiss,
His right arm is usually placed
Around the chosen fair one's waist;
And so that he may embrace it all,
The ladies try to make it small,
And think that it looks more *petite*
Compared with that enormous seat.

* * *

HE was a very pious man, and his wife broke it to him too suddenly. "John," said she, "my mother's dead." "Thank the Lord for all things," cried John, gratefully; and then his wife called him a heartless brute, and a pretty warm quarter of an hour followed after.

* * *

AFTER THE BANQUET.

First Diner (sleepily). Hallo! I don't shee our cabby, do you?

Second Diner. Don't you? Eh? Why, by Jove! I can shee two.

* * *

"THANK goodness!" exclaimed Numskull, with an air of relief, as he entered the smoking-room. "Upon my word, I have just spent the most tedious half hour I can ever—er—yes—really—ever remember." "Poor fellow!" said Cutter. "Been by yourself?"

[*They don't speak now.*

TOOTSIE AT THE STRAND.

"THERE's a play all about organ-grinders at the Strand Theatre," said Louis to Rodolph the other evening at Romano's.

"When we've done dinner, let's go there," said I to Rodolph.

Carlo Toroni: J. A. ARNOLD.

"If I ask him prettily, and he has one to spare, probably Walter will give us a box."

I like organ-grinders myself—perhaps I prefer the organ to the grinder, as a rule, but there's something picturesque about some of the latter. My friend Jo once wrote a play about organ-grinders, the heroine of which was a grinderess by the name of Peggy, who turned out to be of high birth, and quitted Saffron Hill for the gilded saloons of her relations, but soon wearied of the gilding and went back and did her marketing in Leather Lane, and there lived happy ever afterwards.

The play at the Strand is called *Jack-in-the-Box*, and Fannie Leslie is Jack—a wonderful young gentleman who can sing music hall songs and sentimental dittoes, and play on the banjo like an angel, and fly cart wheels better than any street Arab in the world (I've tried since myself, as have also Tottie and Lardi; I did it all right, of course, but Lardi, who is heavier, was badly bumped—you know how floppy some girls are). Really a "deuce of a fellow" is Jack. He rescues Virtue in petticoats, and defies Villainy in trousers, and pops up unexpectedly everywhere at all times, like Hawkshaw, the Detective. He is always "all there," unless he is somewhere else, and the way he and an Irish professor take undisputed possession of Villiers Street, Strand, and dance double shuffles in it, must be seen to be believed.

Louis was right about the organ-grinders. There is one called Toroni, otherwise Arnold, a dreadfully cruel man, who gives what for to a little boy called Queenie Norman, who is really a little girl, but doesn't say so; and Toroni keeps a sort of colony of organ-grinders who go out and work for him, and he connives with a bad, bold young man called Lewis Waller, to bear away a girl called Florence West, but Jack thwarts them, which serves them both right, and should prove a lesson, as I told Rodolph.

Miss Fannie Leslie is very clever, as you know, of course, already, and my friends George and Clement have given her the chance of

Roy Carlton: LEWIS WALLER. *Millie de Vere:* FLORENCE WEST.

ably exhibiting all her varied accomplishments. The authors' humour peeped out in the scene at Toroni's, where the rich Irish brogue of a lady of love-birds, and the cockney accent of a dame organ-grinder, caused the audience to laugh heartily, which meant, I suppose, that all those females in picturesque dresses one sees in the streets are not Italians, but sometimes of Celtic and New Cut extraction.

There is also a very funny Irish professor, who professes to cry off stimulants, which I hope he did when he got off at the wing, but I don't know, of course. Miss Sallie Turner, as a show proprietoress, is comic and natural, and Charley Harris deserves great credit for the way he has stage-managed the Fair scene. Perhaps sometime he has seen a real one, and been scratched down the back by an "all the fun of the fair." I patted him on the back instead, and promised to buy him a lump of hokey-pokey when next I drew my Friv. salary without any reduction for fines. He did not seem hopeful.

There was some rough and tumble horse-play, which highly delighted the hearty godites, who vigorously applauded it. The way in which Toroni fought the mob, too, showed him to be plucky, though cruel.

Jack Merryweather: FANNIE LESLIE.

Georgie must know more about the dark sides of London life than anyone else living, I should think.

The house was very full, but Walter did find a corner for us, and Rodolph, who looks better sitting down, formed an imposing ornament to that side of the house, and his diamond stud dazzled beholders.

After all, though, what a world this is! What a hollow world! Sometimes I wonder what there would be worth living for if there were no Neapolitan ices!

A flute barrel-organ costs twenty pounds cash, and weighs fifty pounds avoirdupois. Rather heavy, but that would be Rodolph's affair.

EACH WEEK'S COMPETITION COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

"If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again."
ALEXANDRY.

TWENTY SILVER
KEYLESS WATCHES
GIVEN AWAY
EVERY WEEK.
THE "SLOPER" WATCH.
Guaranteed to keep perfect time.

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Each watch will have engraved upon it a faithful likeness of A. SLOPER, ESQ., *Friend of Man. Cut out and fill in the Label printed below, and post it to:—*

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"Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday," February 26th, 1887.

Name .....
Address .....
.....
.....
Age .....
Occupation, if any .....
How many times applied .....
How long a Purchaser of the "Half-Holiday" .....

The results of each week's Competition will be published in "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY." *The list for this week's Competition will close on Wednesday evening next, Mar. 2nd,* 1887. *The Result of the Competition of Feb.* 19*th*, 1887, *will be published in the* "HALF-HOLIDAY" *for March* 5*th*, 1887.

*** Specimen "SLOPER" WATCHES are on view at "The Sloperies."

29th WEEK.

RESULT OF FEBRUARY 12th COMPETITION.

The following Twenty Applicants have been awarded
"SLOPER" WATCHES:—

1. ARTHUR WHEWELL, Civil Service, Legacy Duty Department, Somerset House. Age, 29 years. Subscriber—20 months. LONDON.
2. G. CLEMENTS, Railway Guard, 60 May Street, West Kensington. Age, 36 years. Subscriber—from beginning. LONDON.
3. THOMAS JAMES CONWAY, Seaman, 10 Barnes Street, Limehouse. Age, 36 years. Subscriber—2 years, 5 months. LONDON.
4. JOHN WRIGHT, Draper's Assistant, Quality Street. Age, 27 years. Subscriber—1 year, 10 months. DYSART.
5. JAMES BELL, Grocer's Apprentice (Carnegie and Co.). Age, 17 years. Subscriber—1 year. PITLOCHRY.
6. MISS BAYLEY, Schoolgirl, 12 West Beach. Age, 17 years. Subscriber—since commencement. QUEENSTOWN.
7. THOMAS MARRON, Coach Painter, High Street. Age, 23 years. Subscriber—1 year, 7 weeks regular. MONAGHAN.
8. JAMES OWEN, Boots, Bull Hotel. Age, 45 years. Subscriber—1 year, 7 months. DENBIGH.
9. WILLIAM THOMAS, Police Officer, Constabulary Office. Age, 44 years. Subscriber—2 years and 3 months. BRIDGEND.
10. GEORGE EDWARD DAVIS, Station Master, Great Western Railway. Age, 37 years. Subscriber—12 months and 2 weeks. CAMBORNE.
11. THOMAS ANNISON, Brewer, 112 High Street. Age, 25 years. Subscriber—18 months. MARYPORT.
12. MRS. M. A. BURNYEAT, Boarding-house Keeper, Main Street. Age, 44 years. Subscriber—2 years, 6 months. ST. BEES.
13. BENJAMIN KING, Traveller, Market Place. Age, 40 years. Subscriber—from commencement. BEAMINSTER.
14. JAMES ALFRED HEYES, Postman, 8 Church Street. Age, 26 years. Subscriber—17 months. PADIHAM.
15. GEORGE DODD, Caster, 151 Walsall Street. Age, 21 years. Subscriber—13 months. WEST BROMWICH.
16. ELIZA CHRISTIAN, Labourer's Wife, Delf Street. Age, 28 years. Subscriber—8 months, 1 week. SANDWICH.
17. WILLIAM BESSENT, Estate Clerk, Estate Office, Somerley. Age, 31 years. Subscriber—from first number. RINGWOOD.
18. HARRY WEST, Baker, 5 Queen Street. Age, 20 years. Subscriber—since commencement. MAIDENHEAD.
19. BENJAMIN TODD, Telegraphist, 3 Fountain Street. Age, 19 years. Subscriber—2 years, 4 months. GUISBORO'.
20. JOHN KENDRICK, M.P.S., Chemist, Church Green East. Age, 32 years. Subscriber—since start. REDDITCH.

THE SERENADER.

HE stood beneath her window-sill,
And played with rare and wondrous skill
Upon a concertina.
"These sounds," thought he, "her heart will thrill,"
But, oh! it would have made him ill
If he had only seen her.

The fair one in her chamber sat
Embroidering a fancy mat,
A scowl upon her features.
The noise increased; she cried, "Oh, drat!
To think he fancies I like that!
Men are such silly creatures."

He serenades his love in song,
And tries his voice both loud and long,
And passion aids his fervour.
By singing all his notes too strong,
And doing all his phrasing wrong,
He thinks he doth deserve her.

She listens, with a beating heart,
Till bosom heaves and tear-drops start;
Then, this pain-startled daughter
Leaned out, and said, with painful sigh,
"George, dear, I'm sure you must be dry,"
And dropped a pail of water.

RALE IRISH.

"I WAS awakened by cries for hilp," said an Irish witness, "and I jumped out o' bed, sthruck a loight, opened me door, and found the *diseased* as dead as a stuck pig, begorra!" "And what did you do next?" interrogated the solicitor for the prosecution. "Whey, I shouted out, 'are any of ye scatter-brained swaggers there that kilt the bhoy? for be all the saints in Chrisondum, I'll give ladhins o' whisky to him who'll tell me who it was that! and the rale illigant *impudence* to murther a man at my door.'" "You may sit down," said the lawyer.

FRANZ—A WAITER.

AT the hotel "Zwei Prinzen," at Cologne.

An Englishman smoking a cigarette—a handsome Englishman, franker and brighter than most Englishmen, with a ready word and a ready *merk* for everyone.

"I shall take a stroll," says the Englishman.

"I shall take a stroll," says the Englishman to the waiter, and saunters away over the Dom Platz.

He walks down one of the narrow streets leading to the river. Seated in an open doorway is a girl knitting, and singing softly.

She is very pretty, albeit a North German with somewhat high cheek bones. Her face is very pale. Her hair is yellow gold. she sings, watching by a sinister-looking old woman, who is peeling potatoes.

The Englishman looks at her swiftly sideways, admiringly.

The girl looks at him back again, shyly, but with admiration.

The old woman looks at him, and nods her head. "An Englishman, and with money, too," she says unctuously. The girl sighs.

When the Englishman has reached the end of the street he turns back. As if in absence of mind, when he nears the doorway, where the girl is sitting, he throws his cigarette quite at her feet.

"I beg pardon," he says in perfect German, "for being so dreadfully clumsy." The old woman looked at him knowingly. By her look she evidently encouraged him to stay. He stays chatting.

When he gets back to the hotel, he says to the porter, "I don't know, after all, that I shall go away to-morrow."

She is very pretty.

* * *

It is sunset. The Englishman is whispering in a low voice to the German girl. The old woman is looking on approvingly.

"We have a song in England," he says, "about the sunny Rhineland—'The Rhine Maiden,' I think they call it. It is something about her hair falling down.' Yours is tied up. It is beautiful—but what a pity!"

"Gretchen," says the old woman, laughing, "let down your hair."

"Pray accept this little present"—offering a rich gold comb.

"Take it, take it, little one," says the old woman; the girl blushes.

The Englishman has scarcely left the street when the waiter enters. "What have you taken your hair down for, Gretchen?"

* * * * * * *

In Soho a man is walking with his hands in his pockets. Presently he enters a queer-looking German shop. He makes some sort of sign to the man behind the counter, and whispers to him. The chemist has a look upon his face. "I suppose I *must* give it you." Presently he hands a small phial across the counter.

It is Franz, once of the "Zwei Prinzen," at Cologne, who walks away with that phial in his pocket. "Thank God," he says, "I shall sleep to-night, so that no wretch on the earth shall ever wake me."

* * * * * *

A handsome man, in evening dress, is seated in the Café Splendide, in Regent Street. Opposite to him is an exceedingly pretty girl. He is English, but he is speaking to her in German. She is laughing, and raising a glass of *chablis* to her lips.

"What have you taken your hair down for, Gretchen?"

Neither of them see that they are being closely watched through the crack of a door near by. Franz is standing behind the door.

"After all," he says to himself, "the phial may not be used for me." He wanders downstairs. Outside the kitchen is a bench, on which is a row of dishes, covered with silver covers.

He raises one of the covers. He drops the contents of the phial into the sauce. He walks stealthily upstairs. No one has seen him.

* * * * * * *

There is a frightful hubbub in the Café Splendide. A girl is lying in horrible convulsions on the floor. Her face that was once beautiful is hideously distorted. A man sits groaning in a chair.

An hour afterwards someone is saying in the hospital, "The man may get over it. The girl will be dead in a few moments."

SOME MODES OF HUNTING.

1. Chapelwhite's style is rather pleasing. His object in life is to get to the end of the journey before the dogs.

2. Do you know the French style? A three-cornered hat and a curly trumpet. Best to get one of the Paris Hippodrome's horses for this sort of thing, though.

"The Dayes of Cromwell are likely to return,' says Patrick O'Flaherty, "if certain agencies are not soon crushed in Ireland!"

ENGLAND AND SOME SONS OF AFRICA.

"Look here, ye black bitters of unsweetened blackness, if ye won't obey my honest and kind instructions, I'll wollop ye!"

NAOMI THE BIGAMIST.—A ROMANCE BY MRS. SLOPER.

1. "I swear by all that's holy, even to this coat," and he pointed to his rags, "that I will have every jewel in yon casket!" "Oh, husband," sobbed Naomi, covering her hands with her face, "why, why do you come back to shame and mock me?"

2. With her warning to be gone, for some one was approaching, ringing in his ears, Jones, the outcast husband, sprang, with the casket under his arm, from the third-floor window of his wife's mansion into the darkness, and disappeared.

3. It was six o'clock, the most fashionable hour in Battersea Park. Suddenly Naomi Jones gave a visible start, which she explained to the Captain was from a pin in the back of her neck. But the real bitter truth—yes, there stood, in an easy attitude, the man she had thought dead hours ago—her husband! dressed, to use an aristocratic expression, to the nines, in clothes bought, no doubt, by her jewels!

VALENTINE FOR A FLIRTIST.

The gallant wooer of a thousand hearts. Observe the condition of his mind. QUERY.—*If he has one.*

4. "Yes," pondered Naomi, during their honeymoon at Margate, as the pair basked in loving ecstasy in each other's presence on the Fort one morning, "now that there is *decided proof of his death*, I can live happy in the fond love of my husbandly darling Captain!"

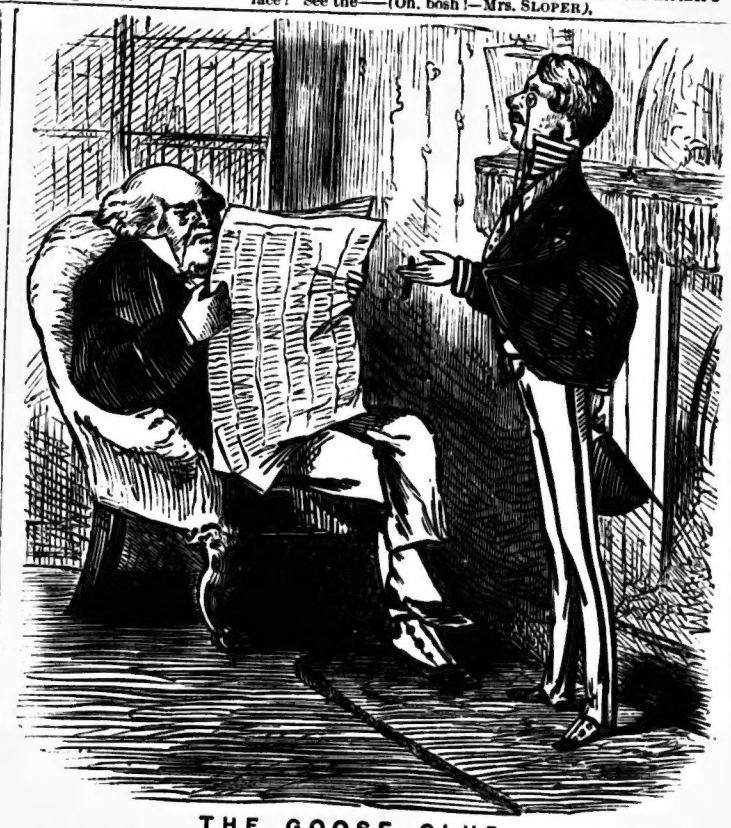
5. "Much off, sir?" inquired the hairdresser's assistant. If the Captain had seen the fiendish grin of triumph in the man's face! If he had known that he was now *fairly in the grasp of his wife's first husband*—Jones! But no it was not to be.—Would that we could draw the curtain on the horrible scene! But it must be told. The scissors were opened to their full extent, suddenly with a click they closed, and the gallant Captain's head rolled into the shampooning basin!

6. Once more, dear reader, we will lift the veil. In foreign climes, far, far from the chequered scenes of bygone days, live the reformed Jones and his dear wife Naomi. Their farm is large, their family small—at present. See Naomi, with her own fair hands, brings her husband his mid-day meal! Their child, a fair-haired boy, runs with joyous prattle to the repentant father's knee. See the look of happiness in the mother's face! See the——(Oh, bosh!—Mrs. SLOPER).

THE LATEST FROM OUTSIDE THE RAILWAY STATION.

Boy. Can't do it for less than three'a'pence, 'cos we're on strike.

A. SLOPER, the Crack Comic, giving other flabby imitations "*the push.*"



THE GOOSE CLUB.

Son. Papa, I have been—aw! thinking of—aw! joining a Club. Evewy fellah belongs to a Club—aw! Now, what Club should you wecommend?

Papa. Oh, a Goose Club, by all means.

OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

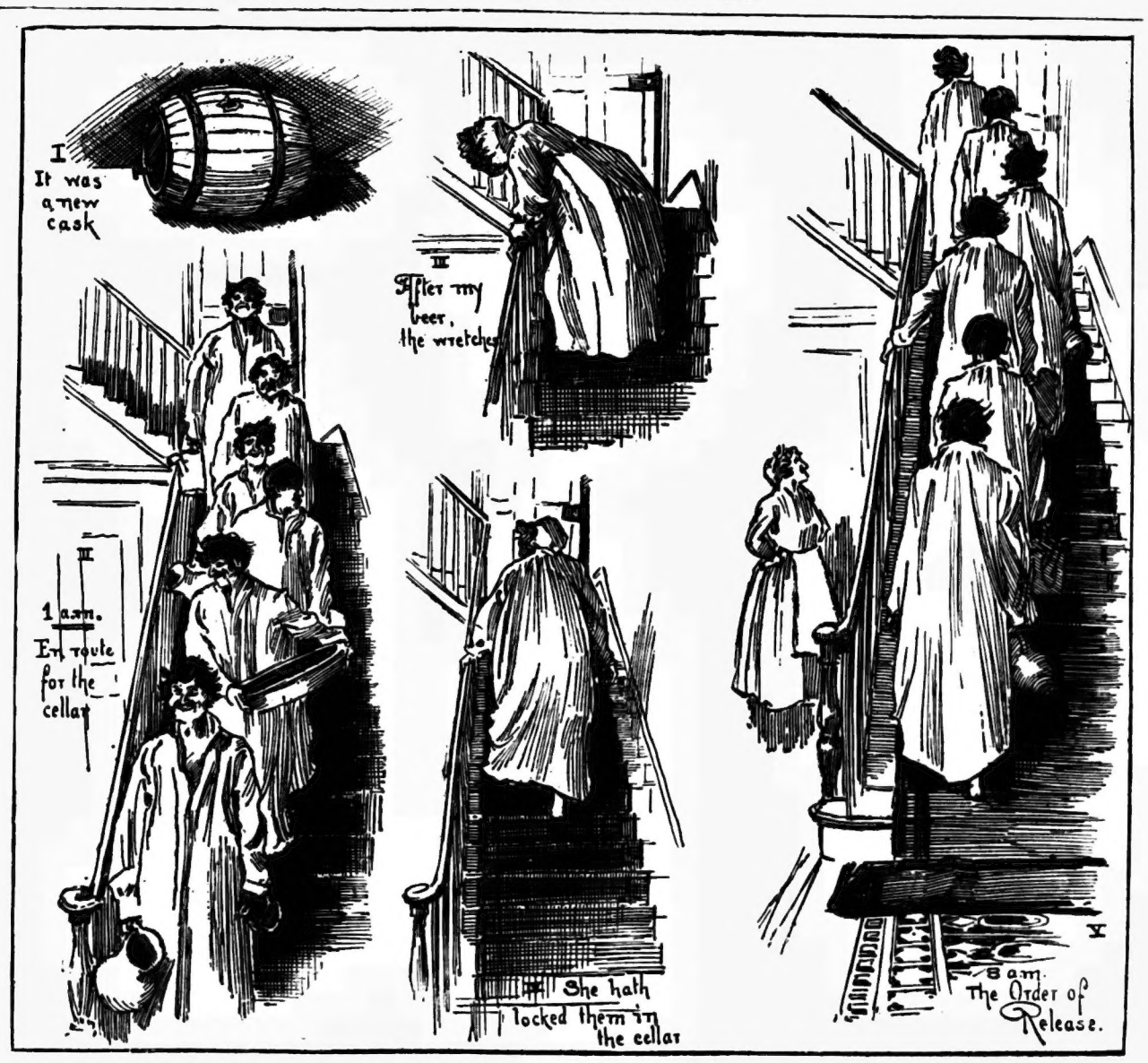
Ladies and Gentlemen, the discriminating mirror of our fearless half-page Revelation reflects—*A camel-back race—six-houred trials—Covered the space of seven-score miles; The Shop Hours' Regulation Bill Made Mr. Barstow feel quite ill; A plucky girl—she who* WOULD *wed Bill Nelson whilst on his sick bed; 'Twas a bitter cold night the 12th of Jan., Yet* ALLY'S *fierce eye saw that Holborn "Man"(??); Patti was singing "Home, Sweet Home," When Hodges tried for "Kingdom Come;" Old Jacobini's got the gout—Sham Pain and Eggs to drive it out; Oh, what a lark! Four market-foxes Escaped by gnawing through their boxes.*—Now, Ladies and Gentlemen, you've got the truth, so rub it well in.——THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.

MRS. SLOPER, DOMESTIC COOKIST.

"Whilst reading the 'H.-H.,' Mamma went into the cellar for some coals, cracked a lump, and out crawled a fully-developed toad. 'Now she'll faint,' said the Toad. But she shovelled him up unnoticed, and he was soon helping to cook our dinner."—*Alexandry, the Blue-eyed Boy.*

WAITING FOR HIS PREY.

A green-eyed monster "on the stump." (*Stump-speeching, of speech.*)



OUR BOARDING HOUSE.—THE BARREL OF BEER.

ALLY-CAMPANE.

PICKHEAD, whilst doing his pipe in the Strand the other day noticed that the authorities of the Olympic Theatre have armed their boardmen with enormous "Churchwarden" pipes some six feet long, with which they parade the streets. A good deal of dissatisfaction has been expressed among the "Hommes-Sandwich," that they were not provided with the legitimate "yard of clay" and a screw of tobacco, which would have cost less, been a better advertisement, and been a pleasant addition to the "shilling a day and their 'board'" with which they are provided.

***

LIEUTENANT FRANK TRAVIS, the ventriloquist, has a most amusing entertainment, entitled, "The Colonel's Evening Party," and among his guests introduces a slap-up representation of A. SLOPER. Lieutenant Travis has been amusing and delighting crowded audiences, wherever he has introduced his wonderful show. In addition to having had a most successful spin round the provinces, he gained the compliments of W. Holland, F.O.S. (O ye gods and little fishes!) at the Albert Palace, and is also going on tour through Ireland, France, and Germany, to perform before all the crowned, uncrowned, and crownless heads of Europe; and this is all due to the Great and Only SLOPER. So look out, ye Sloperites, and book your seats early.

***

THE Eminent *littérateur* says to his flock that Pliny, in his "Natural History," recommends a lunch of boiled dog as the best thing in the world to cure a bite from a mad dog. The oddest prescription, however, is that practised in the town of St. Hubert, sacred to the saint of that name. The patient is taken into the treasury of the abbey where his relics lie. He kneels before the priest, who recites certain formula, after which the patient utters a brief prayer to St. Hubert. Then the priest with a penknife makes a shallow incision in the skin of the forehead of the person bitten. The skin is slightly raised, and a thread or two of the sacred stole that was brought down by an angel is introduced. A bandage is then put round the head and worn for nine days.

***

Mynheer Jan, a new comic opera by Harry Paulton, F.O.S., of *Noah's Ark* fame, is the new order of things at the Comedy. It cannot be said that the dialogue is witty, but Mr. Paulton seeks to extract fun in his own peculiar way, and many of his audience clearly hold that he succeeds. M. Marius, who plays the Governor, perhaps is scarcely so successful as usual; but Wyatt, as Karl, is more than usually active and energetic. The piece is handsomely mounted, and will doubtless serve its purpose.

***

THE Mohawk Minstrels, under the able management of Messrs. William Francis and Harry Hunter, have a pleasing programme at the Agricultural Hall. ALLY weighed in under full sail the other evening, and his mirthful nature experienced feelings of delicious delight with the music, singing, patter, and mix-up generally of the bottles of blacking and other things. If anyone wishes to spend a jolly evening, why just trot up Islington way, and plank down the silver coin, don't ye know!

***

CHARLES WYNDHAM, F.O.S., has received from the Prince of Wales a massive *loving* cup, with the following inscription:—"To Charles Wyndham, from Albert Edward Prince of Wales, in remembrance of 'David Garrick' at Sandringham, 7th January, 1887." ALLY hopes that Charlie will place the *loving* cup beside the *loving* "Award of Merit" he conferred upon him some time ago, when he exhibits them to his *loving* friends.

***

ERNEST TOISON, of no occupation, but who hung out in Castle Street, Leicester Square, is now spending three months at hard labour on account of scandalous behaviour in the streets one Sunday morning. It was stated in court that the fellow did no work, but was supported by a woman who led an immoral life. Billy is wondering why such awful things do not cause mammas to be more careful of their daughters.

***

A YOUNG woman went into a chemist's in Paris the other day and asked for a phial of vitriol. The chemist, whose suspicions were aroused by the mysterious manner of his fair customer, asked her some questions, to which she returned evasive replies. He then gave her, instead of vitriol, a bottle of perfumed water, and directed a man to follow the fair damsel. The amateur detective did so, and soon saw the woman take up her position at a street corner, phial in hand. As a young man, well known in the neighbourhood, passed by, she flung its contents, with a yell of triumph, in his face. Rather a narrow escape for the young man.

***

MRS. SLOPER waxed a little excited when she heard that a tradesman has undertaken to dispense favours to certain people during March. Ladies "fortunate enough" to give birth to twins during the month will be presented with two guinea bassinettes; ladies who marry second husbands during the month (except bigamously) will receive sewing machines; and ladies who have been married within the last twelve months becoming widowed during the month will be consoled by wringing and mangling machines. Mrs. S. considers the last offer is the most tempting, but hardly gives husbands a fair chance.

AMONGST the most curious "Jubilee objects" is a Jubilee dress-improver. It plays "God save the Queen" whenever the wearer sits down. The inventor has forwarded one to her Majesty at Osborne. But how about loyal subjects? They—if they wear the improver—would only be able to listen to "God save the Queen" sitting, for were they to rise the music would cease. But this is nothing to the "SLOPER" Glove, which, whenever worn by a pretty girl starts off playing the "Sloper Waltz." A pair of them has been sent to each member of the Royal Family. Pretty girls are advised to apply at "The Sloperies" at once.

***

HODGES sued a member of the East Sussex Constabulary to recover damages for assault recently. The plaintiff was returning home from a wedding when the defendant accused him of being drunk, and dealt him a serious blow, rendering him insensible for three days. The judge, finding that the assault was altogether unprovoked, gave a verdict for six guineas and costs. A. SLOPER has often been the object of unprovoked assaults, but *he* never got six guineas for a wipe across *his* smeller.

***

TOTTIE GOODENOUGH says that Louisa, when seventeen, married a man named Benson. No sooner was the first child born than he deserted her. She kept herself, for Benson was frequently in prison, but on being released he constantly threatened her. She married a second husband, to make a home for herself. Justice Hawkins, F.O.S., believing the woman's story, severely rebuked the first husband for prosecuting a woman under such circumstances. He said he should be wanting in humanity if he imprisoned her for a single hour; and then ordered her to be imprisoned for half-an-hour.

***

THEY seem to have had a high old time of it at the marriage of "General" Booth's daughter the other day. The marriage service of the Salvation Army was read by the General, who elicited some laughter by the remark that if his daughter did not like to be married according to the terms of the service, she could go home, and he should have a prayer meeting. The banner of the Salvation Army was then held over the heads of bride and bridegroom, and the usual questions were asked and answered in firm tones. After the ceremony the bride sang a Salvationist hymn, after which the fun commenced.

***

THE F.O.M. has been having a fair old pong lately. Within ten days he has weighed in at no less than four balls—viz., a St. Valentine's Ball at the Lillie Bridge Hall, West Brompton, the Chelsea Tradesmen's Subscription Ball at the same place, the City of London Artillery Ball at St. James's Hall, and a grand ball at the Holborn Town Hall; and fine fun he had, too, at one and all of them, especially when leading the fair young maidens round in the giddy waltz; in fact, he has not since been able to pass a pretty girl in the street without slipping his arm round her waist and waltzing round, heedless alike to the shouts of the 'bus-drivers and yells of the cabbies, and only stopping when feeling the gentle impression of ten finger-nails on his cheek.

***

"MEN must work, and women must weep," says Kingsley in that most pathetic of all his pathetic ballads. Seldom, however, have our shores witnessed a sadder tragedy than that which occurred at the picturesque little gate of Thanet, Kingsgate, the other day. Three boatmen, seeing a vessel requiring a pilot, put off from the shore in a small boat. A heavy sea was running, and when about a hundred yards out, the tiny craft was struck and capsized. The occupants were seen struggling in the water, but before the Coastguard's boat, which was instantaneously manned, could reach them, they sank. One of the poor unfortunate fellows went down before the eyes of his son, who was only with great difficulty prevented from rushing into the surf to save his father.

***

THE Japanese mean to be cock-of-the-walk in the matter of fashions. The Empress of Japan decrees that no lady shall be admitted into her presence unless she is dressed in European garb. Then she orders herself some fine diamonds, and incites her ladies of honour to do likewise. After having thus deprived her special dominion of all local colouring, she, learning that the eighteenth century is in high favour with us, straightway issues another edict anent the powder and the patches, the long waists and panniers. In future our changes and mutations will not only affect ourselves, they will be felt in those remote Asiatic isles also.

***

TOTTIE GOODENOUGH spent a pleasant evening at the Royal Park Hall, Camden Town, on the occasion of the fifteenth dramatic performance of the Jackdaw Amateur Dramatic and Musical Club. The various *artistes* who took part in the well-selected programme gained the hearty applause of an appreciative audience. So go it, boys, and girls, and get your names up.

A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.

A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING MARCH 5TH, 1887.

27th February, 1885.—A fearful disaster occurred this day at the School of Gunnery, Shoeburyness, when several officers, including Colonel Fox-Strangeways, the commandant, Colonel Lyon, and several members of the Ordnance Committee of the War Office, were met to try experiments with "sensitive fuses," invented by Colonel Lyon. One of the men was engaged in screwing a fuse into a live shell, when the shell exploded, killing the gunner on the spot. Colonel Fox-Strangeways had one foot blown off, and the leg shattered; Colonel Lyon had both legs blown off, as had Captain Goold-Adams; and Sergeant-Major Daykin had one leg blown off. Operations were performed upon most of the patients, but the majority sunk under them, making, in all, six deaths.

27th February, 1557-8.—The first Russian embassy this day arrived in the neighbourhood of London—the ambassador, a noble, named Osep Napea, being sent thither with a goodly company, bearing suitable presents for "the famous and excellent princes, Philip and Mary, King and Queen of England." It appears that among the gifts were a number of the skins of the sable, with the teeth, ears and claws of the animal preserved; four living sables, with chains and collars; "thirty lazarnes, rich and beautiful;" six great skins such as the Emperor himself wore; and a great jer-falcon, with a silver drum used for a lure to its hawking.

28th February, 1840.—The Queen and Prince Albert this day attended Covent Garden Theatre in state. They were received by Mr. Charles Mathews and Mr. Bartley, who attended them to their box, which was placed in the centre of the dress-circle. The play selected was *Love*, in which Miss Ellen Tree, Anderson, and Madame Vestris played the principal parts. The burletta of *Patter versus Clatter* succeeded, and seemed to take the Royal box by storm. The National Anthem, which had been sung at the rise of the curtain, was again given at the close of the performance. "It is right to say," says a serious critic of the day, "that in singing the anthem the company did not blaspheme and flatter in a breath by putting the Sovereign in the place of the Deity. They did not sing 'On *her*,' but 'on *thee* our hopes we fix.'" Her Majesty was attired in white satin, with Court half mourning, and wore the star and ribbon of the Order of the Garter.

1st March, 1830.—The Blackrock Lighthouse was this day completed, and the light first shown. The contract made for lighting the town of Liverpool, during the year 1819, was thrown void by the misplacing of a comma in the advertisements, thus:—"The lamps at present are about 4,050, and have in general two spouts each, composed of not less than twenty threads of cotton." The contractor would have proceeded to furnish each lamp with the said twenty threads; but this being but half the usual quantity the Commissioners discovered that the difference arose from the comma following instead of preceding the word *each*. The parties agreed to annul the contract, and a new one was ordered.

1st March, 1842.—An explosion occurred this day at D'Erust's firework factory at Lambeth, which caused the death of all the workmen employed there, four in number.

1st March, 1629.—Claude Guillon, being convicted of having eaten part of the flesh of a horse on this, a fast day, was, for the same, beheaded on the following 28th of July.

2nd March, 1887.—St. Chedda, or St. Chad's Day. *St. Chad's Well* was on the east side of Gray's Inn Road, near King's Cross, in Fifteen-foot Lane. It long remained one of the favourite spas of the metropolis, with Bagnigge Wells, and the spring which gave name to Spa-fields. Old Joseph Munder, the comedian, when he resided at Kentish Town, was for many years in the habit of visiting St. Chad's Well three times a week, and drinking its waters at a halfpenny per glass. Sir Allen Chambre, the judge, also patronised this well, when he lived at Prospect House, Highgate. Mr. Alexander Mensall, who for fifty years kept the Gordon House Academy at Kentish Town, used to walk with his pupils, once a week, to St. Chad's, to drink its waters, as a means of keeping the doctor out of the house.

2nd March, 1797.—Horace Walpole, Earl of Oxford, died this day at Berkeley Square. His great work was "Strawberry Hill." He had purchased this little mansion as a mere cottage in 1747, and for the remaining fifty years of his life he was constantly adding to it and increasing the number of the pictures, old china, and other objects of *virtu* which he had assembled in it.

2nd March, 1476.—Charles, Duke of Burgundy, was this day defeated by the Swiss, at the battle of Granson.

3rd March, 1592.—The first part of Shakespeare's historical play of *Henry VI.* was produced this day at the Rose Theatre on the Bankside. It was represented by the players then under the protection of Ferdinand, Lord Strange. It was very popular; for it had a run, in the course of fifteen weeks, of thirteen days. That stinging satirist, Tom Nash, speaks of it in the same year in the following terms:—"How would it have joyed brave Talbot, the terrour of the French, to think that after he had lien two hundred year in his tomb, he should triumph again on the stage, and have his bones new embalmed with the tears of ten thousand spectators at least, who, in the tragedian that represents his person, behold him fresh bleeding."

3rd March, 1851.—The King of Dahomey was this day defeated in an attack upon the town of Abbeokuta (*Under Stone*), in Guinea. He renewed the attack with an army of 10,000, many of them being his celebrated Amazons, but they were defeated with great slaughter—nearly 1,000 being killed—16th March, 1864.

3rd March, 1780.—The Church plate in France was this day sent to the Mint for coinage.

4th March, 1865.—Matthew Atkinson was this day sentenced to be hanged at Durham for beating his wife to death. The judge, in passing sentence, commented severely on the cowardice of his neighbours, who were aware of the murderous work he was engaged in, but were afraid to venture into the house where the bloody deed was being perpetrated. He even came out and had a talk about the matter in the course of the fatal process—talking for about a quarter of an hour with some of his pals; but on his remarking that he must finish his victim, they allowed him to go back and do so. About half-past twelve he came out again, and intimated his entire success. "I've finished her," he said, "this time;" and when they went in, they saw that he had almost finished the fire-irons in doing so. A shocking scene occurred at this monster's execution on the 16th. The rope snapping close to the noose, the convict fell a distance of fifteen feet. In about twenty minutes, a second attempt proved effectual.

4th March, 1850.—The steamship *Medea* this day destroyed thirteen pirate junks in the Chinese seas. Among the Chinese, February is considered as the most fortunate month to be married in. It is the first moon in the year, and the first month in the spring.

5th March, 1877.—On the afternoon of this day the Rev. Josiah Henson, the hero of Mrs. Stowe's story, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," left London on a visit to the Queen at Windsor Castle. "Uncle Tom," after luncheon, accompanied by his wife, was introduced to Her Majesty in the North Corridor, when the Queen graciously expressed her pleasure at meeting one of whom she had read and heard so much. The Queen presented "Uncle Tom" with her photograph, signed, "Victoria Regina, 1877," and mounted in a handsome frame, at the same time requesting "Uncle Tom" to inscribe his autograph in her album.

5th March, 1881.—"The oldest woman in America," says the *Lady's Pictorial* of this date, "is just dead. She was a coloured person, named Sarah Clarke, and had spent a large portion of her life in slavery. She had two children before the War of Independence, and at the time of her death was living in the house of a great-grandson."

5th March, 1534.—Antonio Allegri, known as Correggio, the celebrated Italian painter, died this day. One of his paintings was the "Marriage of St. Catherine to the Infant Jesus," an odd subject.

THE COMING CENTAUR.

MIDST cheering tremendous,
O'er valley and hill—
A marvel stupendous
Of courage and skill—
He's quickly advancing,
With singing and dancing—
That Centaur Heroic called Buffalo Bill.

Soon he'll cross the Atlantic,
In quest of new game,
With horses half frantic
And riders the same:
A novel sensation
He'll make in the nation—
So cheers half a hundred for Buffalo Bill!

With horsemanship daring
Our sight will be blest:
All the town will be staring
At sports of the West.
His American cow-boys
Will kick up a row, boys,
Such as London will witness with rapturous zest.

This Centaur Heroic
Would gladden a Stoic,
So droll is his humour, so curious his skill.
We'll get something funny
And fresh for our money—
Hip! hip! hip! hooray! then, for Buffalo Bill.

DOGGED DETERMINATION.

"OH, papa! look at that funny dog—just like a plum-pudding," cried one of the little Penheckers, the other day, as they were crossing Battersea Park. "What is it called?" "That, my dear," replied Penhecker, anxious to improve the occasion, "is a Dalmatian——" "Penhecker," interrupted his wife, "if I have to speak to you again about making use of bad language, I shall certainly go home to my mother!" and the outraged lady seized her offspring by the hand, and led him in advance, leaving poor P to bring up the rear with the perambulator.

Each Week's Competition Complete in Itself.

SLOPER'S WEEKLY PRESENTS.

To Celebrate the Birth of the Infant SLOPER, *the Friend of Man has decided to give Two Substantial Presents away every week to Purchasers of* "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY"—*one to be given to a Lady, and one to a Gentleman. All that has to be done is to cut out and fill in the Label printed below, expressing the wish "what the Applicant is in want of," and post it to:—*

ALLY'S "PRESENT" DEPARTMENT,
The Sloperies,
99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

**** Applicants must write distinctly in left hand corner of envelope whether it is a Lady or Gentleman applying.*

SLOPER'S WEEKLY PRESENTS.

"Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday," February 26th, 1887.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

*Want** .....

* "Sloper Watches" will not be given.

4th WEEK.

RESULT OF FEBRUARY 5th COMPETITION.

The following Applicants have been Awarded

"SLOPER PRESENTS."

MRS. WANKLIN, 21 Arlington Road, CAMDEN TOWN.
A CRADLE.

JOHN ARMSTRONG, 6 Lilly Street, Queen's Road, MILES PLATTING.
A PICCOLO.

TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY.

Advertisements, as under, will be inserted in this column free of charge, provided the Sender's Name and Address is enclosed with the advertisement, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

Address—TOOTSIE, "MATRIMONIAL AGENCY,"
"THE SLOPERIES,"
99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

TWO YOUNG LADIES, aged respectively 18 and 19, both rather fair and tall, would like to correspond with two gentlemen who have a little common sense, age from 23 to 25. Must be rather nice looking. Address "VIXEN and PITTI-SING," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN, aged 21, dark complexion, and considered good-looking, good position and prospects, desires to correspond with an amiable young lady, medium height, with a view to matrimony. Money no object. Address, enclosing photo, to "COMMERCIAL," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

TWO SISTERS, of rather refined tastes and manners, and of ladylike appearance, ages respectively 23 and 26, would like to correspond with two gentlemen. Would prefer correspondents to be from five to fifteen years their senior. Address—"EMILY and LIZZIE," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A WIDOWER, aged 31 years, with two children, aged five years and two years, would like to correspond with a lady about same age, a widow not objected to. Money most essential. Reply full particulars to "SANDY," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A YOUNG LADY (22) thoroughly educated, splendid musician, considered good-looking, not conceited, curly hair, dark eyes, good-tempered, fond of fun, and a really jolly girl, would like to correspond with a gentleman, any age from 24 to 40, in good position. She is not particular as to profession. Address—"MADGE," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

**** NOTE.—Tootsie undertakes, free of charge and post-free, to forward unopened, to the parties interested, all letters received in reply to the above advertisements. Advertisements already received, which do not appear above, will appear as soon as space admits.*

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

**** In consequence of the enormous number of letters received, we are unable to publish those selected as soon as we could desire; but the Editor wishes to assure his Correspondents that all letters of importance and interest, and of moderate length, will be sure to find a place ultimately in his Letter-Box, and he therefore invites correspondence on all subjects.*

H.M.S. "PYLADES," BARBADOES, WEST INDIES,
January 10th, 1887.

DEAR OLD ALLY,—Yielding to a request of several shipmates, and with pleasure to myself, I write to tell you that your dear old photo has brightened and shortened our days since its arrival amongst us. I have also to send best wishes to your respected Family, and the love of all to Tootsie. Again, dear old *Friend of All*, I am requested to ask for instructions to compete for one of your watches, not that we don't all have plenty (to keep), but your dear old photo would be such a charm that it has become a thing to crave for. In conclusion, dear old Chappie, I may tell you that whilst on leave here the other day, indulging in a portion of your favourite "unsweetened," I heard you and your respected Family and friends being freely discussed among the natives, and 'twas then we determined to send you a few lines to let you know you are not forgotten while we are away. Yours, very truly and muchly,
COAL-DUST.

THE BURNING PLAINS OF EGYPT, *January 25th*, 1887.

DEAR ALLY,—By the next parcel post you will receive what is supposed to be a great curiosity, which came into my hands more than twelve months ago, and I've been treasuring it ever since. It is a preserved nose, broken off an Egyptian mummy of ye ancient SLOPER—one of your forefathers, ALLY (and I shouldn't wonder, because it's very fine, and large enough for four fathers): and is supposed to be upwards of 2,000 years old. I send it to you, as I think you to be a direct descendant, having the same prominent feature as mentioned above. Hoping it will arrive safe, and find as prominent a place in the Sloperian Museum as the ancestral one has on your Eminence's phiz. I am, dear ALLY, yours, etc.,
P.S.—Love to Tootsie. GORE SHEDDER.

HIGH STREET, SOUTHAMPTON, *January 29th*, 1887.

DEAR ALLY,—I began taking in your "HALF-HOLIDAY" a few weeks ago, and I think it is the best paper published, and I wish I had taken it in before. I should like to correspond with Miss Tootsie. I must tell you this; I sent one of your copies to a friend of mine in France, and he sent back and told me it was the best book he had ever seen, and also told me to send him a copy every week, which I will willingly do. Dear old ALLY, I know it was very wrong of me to think of such a thing, but I used to think it was a cod about giving watches away, but a friend of mine has got one, so I have started for one. Good-bye, old chap, you will soon hear from me again. Yours truly, G. W. F.

38 CANNON STREET, BIRMINGHAM, *February 12th*, 1887.

DEAR ALLY,—After having competed many many times for an "Award," but hitherto without success, I have at last determined to add my quota to your daily trouble, and beg to ask you: "Do you not think I am entitled to an 'Award of Merit,' from the unique position I hold as editor of a Spanish written paper, I myself being an Englishman?" At the same time I am not aware that an "Award" has been conferred on any Birmingham man as yet, and I am sure the Metropolis of the Midlands is a hearty supporter of your "weekly invigorator,"—in fact, we make it a point to secure the copies on *Thursday* evenings. Wishing you every success. I am yours fratern-"ALLY," CARL ELLIS. Editor.

THEATRE ROYAL, HYDE, LANCASHIRE, *February 14th*, 1887.

SUPREME ONE, NOBLEST OF THY SEX,—I have received the "Shaving Case, with fittings," for which I send you many thanks. It is a charming, useful, and sensible Present, far beyond my expectations; it will in future be one of my dearest treasures. Coming as it does from one so distinguished, I am confident you must expend a deal of money for the good of the B.P. If Mrs. Sloper should at any time kick you out of doors, you are welcome to come and tour with us for a few weeks, but be sure and bring dear Tootsie with you. Thine to a Cinder,
To ALLY SLOPER, Esq., F.O.M. FRED C. BROOKS,
On tour with the *Curate* Company.

AN UNHAPPY HEROINE.

No branch of olive can be seen,
Nor any sign pacific;
The scent of battle's in the air,
The prospect is terrific.

Bellona has let slip her dogs,
Their course with carnage marking;
Minerva's voice cannot be heard,
By reason of their barking.

In hostile camp, for fierce affray,
All countries are divided;
In terra Pax hominibus
Is now a rule derided.

Each nation's weaponed to the teeth,
Lest neighbouring States shall harm her;
And Europe, "lady most distrest,"
Is fainting 'neath her armour.

Alas for life's pernicious dreams—
Its visions grim and gory!
Too truly has the poet sung,
"Like madness is their glory."

PRIZE COMPETITION.

£1 : 1 : 0 *and the* "SLOPER AWARD OF MERIT" *has been presented to*

JAMES WILLIAM HARRIS, Oxford Street, Whitstable,

for a

HANDSOME WEDDING CAKE,

Sent as the Best Valentine for Miss Tootsie Sloper.

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

TO THOSE ABOUT TO POP THE QUESTION—Wait.

A STATE OF HAPPINESS—Before marriage. A State of Misery—After marriage.

"THOU art so dear, and yet so far," as the man said on looking down the shaft of a coal-mine.

Tutor (examining juvenile class in English History). Which was the most general rising since the riots of "Eighty"?—*Head Boy.* Please, sir, the rising of coals. (*Tutor canes small boy, but sends the answer to the* "HALF-HOLIDAY."

FLATTERING.—"I *do* wish you would pay me a *little* attention," said Angelina, with her pretty pout. "My ownest, I'm paying as little as I possibly can," said Edwin, with his "HALF-HOLIDAY."

TO THE MARRIED.—Poor Jones says he always gives Mrs. J. her own way, because it is the only thing he *has* to give her.

ANOTHER ONE.—The Home Circuit—Walking about with Baby in the night.

TRUISM FROM TRUEFITT'S.—Though you may cut your hair for many years, in the end it is sure to cut *you*.

SOME MEN who are reported "to live on their wits," must live on very limited premises.

A GRATE NUISANCE—A smoky chimney.

A HONEYMOON IN HIGHLOW TERRACE.

(Commenced in No. 124.)

CHAPTER XV.—*(Continued).*

ROSE Anna says it's no good going on like this any longer, making ourselves ridiculous, and we *must* ask our friends. I remonstrate. She resists. I ask, "How about the cooking?" She says, "Pastrycook." I say, "How about the waiting?" She replies, "Greengrocer." In conclusion, I say, "How about the expense?" and she answers, "Bother!"

Upon this we fix a day, and make our preparations. Rose Anna says, "Will you see Johnson?" Johnson is the pastrycook in the high road, and there is a remarkably pretty girl takes care of the counter. I say, "I will see Johnson" (meaning the pretty girl), and I see him—that is to say, her—that evening, and give my order.

I brush my hair at the parlour glass before going, and Rose Anna says, "How smart you are making yourself!" I say, "Not at all," and feel confused. She says, "You need not dress to run round there." (It is only a few doors off.) I reply, "Who is dressing?" and after this don't like to stop to change my collar. When I get three doors off the house, I find I have left my gloves at home. However, it cannot be helped.

I trip along the road, and as far as lies in my power avoid the puddles. She is in the shop, and while I am struggling with the obstinate door-handle, she gazes at me through the window.

The door gives way suddenly, and I enter with a rush. This confuses me a little, and spoils the effect of my entrance. When I recover myself, I say, "Good evening, miss!" Nothing particular occurs to me after this, so I give the order and come away. I am rather confused about some of the particulars, and would like to go back to tell her over again. I do come back as far as the door, and through the glass see her and the pastrycook laughing considerably. I rather fancy it is about my stumbling, so I go away again, and hope they didn't catch sight of me.

Next day I issue my invitations with a jaunty, nonchalant air. I say, "Popkins, old boy, come and take pot-luck with us to-day will you? That's right; then I'll ask Hopkins to meet you."

I enter with a rush.

Hopkins also is disengaged, so the three of us go down to Highlow Terrace on the roof of the omnibus.

At our place everybody says Popkins is a funny fellow. I hope Rose Anna will like him, but I have my doubts.

Rose Anna and her friends are waiting for us in the drawing-room, and it strikes me when we go in they are looking rather grim and stately.

I shake hands, and introduce Hopkins and Popkins. In the hurry of the moment I call Hopkins Popkins, and Popkins Hopkins. Then, finding out my mistake, I laugh, and try to correct it. This, if possible, makes matters more confusing, and from the way I have put it I feel certain nobody but Hopkins and Popkins themselves has the remotest notion which is which.

After this there is a dead silence. I say, cheerfully, "We dine at six." Simultaneous movement of everybody's head towards the clock ticking on the mantelpiece. A simultaneous murmur of satisfaction on finding it only wants ten minutes to the hour.

Second pause, and silence more awful than the first. A remark that it has been very cold meets with no response. Confound Popkins! If he wants to be comic, now's the time for it. I whisper to him, "Say something funny."

He asks back, with much mystery, "What?"

"I say, "Anything." Then aloud, "What was that riddle you asked us on the bus?" Everybody looks at him expectantly, and he begins. "Why is a——" Then he laughs. We all laugh encouragingly. "Why is an ugly duckling——"

"Please, ma'am, I want to speak to you," says our girl, looking in at the door.

"I *must* hear what it is," says Rose Anna in a gushing way, referring to the riddle.

"We'll wait for you." And Rose Anna leaves us waiting while she talks to the girl in the passage. They talk very loud, and there

I introduce Hopkins and Popkins.

is a dead silence within the room, so that we hear all they say, but try to look as if we didn't. I have an idea of drowning the sound by some remark, but can't think of the remark, so the silence continues.

Presently Rose Anna returns, looking put out and flurried.

(To be continued next week.)

THE WHITE-EYED KAFFIR.
A study in black and white.

QUIETING THE SOCIALISTS.
Observe the Majesty of Law and Order among the rorty jossers.

ALL ON ACCOUNT OF THE WEATHER.
Pickhead, over a friendly glass, explains to the B.P. the cause of the police being so fast asleep over the catching of the Hoxton murderer.

A RED-LETTER DAY IN THE HISTORY OF McNAB OF THAT ILK.

1. "Mr. McParritch," said the Elder, "you will see a man this day that will make your wicked auld eyes blink," when

2. Somehow the neddy made a false step, and down they went headlong into the loch below.

3. Then Tammie got trounced, and the irate Elder said, "Yer a braw lad and a fine lad, Tammie; but I'll make a little boyh o' ye if ye play sic tricks again."

4 An approaching boat arrested their attention, and the Elder said, "Here he comes, ya ruggy duggies."

5. "Friends and neighbours, this is Mr. SLOPER, the verra King o' Scorpions.' And then they took ALLY to their bosoms with a hug.

6. McGrabb and McBull were ordered to form horse—(good biz. for Sawney McGrabb's spinal bone)—and then they proceeded towards the Elder's elevated abode, and the Eminent remarked, "Don't you find these footpaths rather ratherish after an extra teetotal, Elder?"

7. After leaving Mr. SLOPER and the Elder nice and comfortable, and having hung the muckle laid on a nail, Tammie McParritch departed, saying, "This *has* been a nicht, and *no* mistake."

GOING TO PARIS.
Travelling Novice (in a lift at Hotel). Hallo! what's this? I want a bedroom, and there's too much row for a sitting-room here!!

THE WICKED BARONET.
A pantomime "cast."

OH! THE NAUGHTY BOY.
Mamma. You naughty, troublesome boy! I shall have to beat you, which will be quite a punishment to me.
Boy. Well, then, ma, dear, let me beat you, and then *I* shal' be punished.

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